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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Castilian Prisoner.

Was this genuine Spanish romance (A. D. 1550)—doubtless founded on well-known facts, like the majority of folk songs,—the original source from which the plot of Gaveaux' opera "Leonore" was drawn? An opera only now remembered because its libretto was subsequently appropriated and immortalized by Beethoven.

"'Twas in May, the flowery May-time,  
When the south winds softly blow,  
When the larks are singing loudly,  
Nightingales responding low,  
When, to serve their noble ladies,  
Lovers with a light heart go,  
That they brought me here, a captive,  
Hot with anger, worn with woe.  
Long, long have I pined in darkness,  
Breathing cold and fetid air,  
Not of sun, and not of seasons,  
Not of night or day aware;  
Naught to soothe me, naught to comfort,  
Save one distant birdling's lay,  
Through the damp walls of my prison  
Sometimes finding airy way,  
Wafting round me morning memories,  
With delight and love aglow;  
Malison upon the archer  
Whose sharp arrow laid her low!"

If this were thy will, dread sovereign,  
Well; for thou art lord and king;  
If it were the governor's doing,  
He hath done a treacherous thing.

"Would some other bird could find me,  
Lark, or thrush, or nightingale,  
Like a friend to feel my sorrow,  
Like a friend to tell my tale,  
Bred among most noble ladies,  
Versed in gentle ladies' lore,  
Who for me could bear a message  
To my sweet spouse, Leonore!  
She would swiftly send to aid me  
Silent axe, and viewless file,  
Ope the doors and break my fetters,  
Gaolers' cruel heart beguile."

But the good king heard the story,  
And the truth at once descried;  
Freed the captive from his fetters,  
Oped the dungeon portal wide.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

## "The Goose of Cairo."

A POSTHUMOUS OPERA BY MOZART.

In a former number of our paper, says the editor of the Berlin *Echo*, we told our readers that Mozart's unfinished posthumous comic opera, *Die Gans von Cairo* (the *Goose of Cairo*), had been produced at the Theatre des Fantaisies Parisiennes, where it met with a very favorable reception. According to the Paris papers it has been very skillfully remodelled, that is to say, the plot has been condensed into two acts by M. Victor Wilder, and the omissions in the score have been filled up in the proper spirit of veneration for the composer. M. Wilder, to whom the notion and successful realization of the performance are due, gives the following details of the history of this opera from its commencement, and of his arrangement of it for the stage:—*The Goose of Cairo* is not, as might be supposed, says

M. Wilder, one of Mozart's youthful works; on the contrary, it dates from the most fertile and brilliant period of his career, the period which witnessed the birth of *Figaro's Hochzeit*, *Don Juan*, and *Die Zauberflöte*. Written in the year 1783, the place of this opera is between *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (1782) and *Figaro's Hochzeit* (1786). Mozart, who unfortunately was doomed to die at the age of thirty-five, was then about twenty-eight. In addition to a large number of symphonies, sonatas, &c., he had already written a dozen operas, among which were *Idomeneo* and *Die Entführung*. It will no doubt interest the reader to learn under what circumstances Mozart composed *The Goose of Cairo*, and I may therefore be allowed to describe them. I will do so in the form of a notice intended to be placed at the head of the score. After twice travelling through a large portion of Europe, Mozart settled at Salzburg. The Archbishop had attached him to his person with a salary of 400 florins. In this small provincial town, where the great artist was exposed to the abuse and insults of his master, who treated him worse than the meanest of his servants, Mozart felt his genius was being suffocated. It was, therefore, with childlike joy that he received the command to follow his master to Vienna, which place he reached in March, 1781.

Vienna was then the true home of art. Joseph II., who was passionately fond of music, had collected in his capital an Italian operatic company which was unrivalled. The writers of that time are perfectly unanimous as to its excellence. "Our operatic company," says one of them, "is truly superior to all others in Germany and Italy, for, during his journey through the peninsula, the Emperor visited all the large theatres, and engaged the most celebrated virtuosos. It is not uncommon to find our second and third singers leaving Vienna to appear as *prime donne* in Italy." In addition to the opera buffa, Vienna possessed a second theatre. This was devoted to German music. Unfortunately, there was a deficiency of good composers and good singers, and, with the exception of a few national works, translations formed the staple entertainment of the establishment. For a short time, Mozart restored its fortunes by his *Entführung aus dem Serail*. The reader may easily imagine what powers of attraction such a place as Vienna exerted upon the genial young composer. He trembled at the mere thought of having to return to Salzburg. But how could he avoid the sad necessity? Leopold Mozart, his father, attached great value to the Archbishop's four hundred florins, and dreaded his son's being exposed to the vicissitudes of life. He feared, too, that the fact of Wolfgang's breaking with his master might endanger the situation which he himself, Leopold, held at the Court of Salzburg. Under these circumstances, Mozart's permanent stay in Vienna became an exceedingly difficult problem. But the Archbishop's brutality succeeded in solving it. Most profoundly wounded in his dignity as a man and an artist, Mozart listened only to the voice of his just indignation. He bade farewell to the choleric Archbishop, and knocked at the hospitable door of C. Weber, whose daughter he was afterwards to marry. He now was settled in Vienna. After he had provided for his livelihood by lessons and concert-speculations, he turned his attention principally to the stage. He first thought of the national theatre. This was natural, as there were neither rivals nor any other serious obstacles in the way; besides, he could refer to the success of his previous work (*Die Entführung*). It appears from his correspondence that he had in his possession for some time a piece entitled *Rudolph von Habsburg*. He proposed,

also, getting some one to translate a comedy of Goldoni's, *Il Servitore di due Padroni*, but the German theatre was at its last gasp, and the Emperor had already condemned it to death. There was, therefore, nothing but the Italian theatre left.

Mozart's most ardent wish was to write an opera buffa. Despite his Germanic descent, his taste drew him to Italian art, for we must not forget that, though, as the composer of *Die Entführung* and *Die Zauberflöte*, he is the real founder of the German musical drama, we behold in him more especially the impersonification and last representative of the great school of men like Pergolesi, Paisiello and Cimarosa. Unfortunately, he had many obstacles to overcome in order to attain his end. The great thing to be first done was to overcome the prejudice entertained by Joseph II., who did not value Mozart's dramatic talent very highly, and did not care much for *Die Entführung*. The next thing was to conquer the intrigues of Salieri, who was greatly respected in Vienna, and enjoyed the especial favors of the Emperor. Finally, it was necessary to obtain a book. Being exceedingly anxious about the matter, Mozart wrote, on the 7th May, 1783, a letter to his father, complaining that he had read at least a hundred Italian pieces, without finding a single one of any use. For the moment there was nothing to be done with the Abbé da Ponte, who had promised him a piece, as the Abbé was then busily engaged on a libretto for Salieri. Mozart commissioned his father, therefore, to come to some arrangement about a book with Varesco. If, he said, Varesco consented to write one, they might work together during Mozart's stay in Salzburg. In the month of July, Mozart really did set out for Salzburg, as he had married a short time previously, and wished to present his wife to his father. He found Varesco already at work, and carried away with him the first act and the plot of the two others to Vienna.

In his ecstasy in finally obtaining a libretto, Mozart set about his task with feverish eagerness. His ideas flowed easily and abundantly, and the first act was speedily finished. It was now that he thought over, for the first time, the whole plan of the piece, and became aware of the defects inherent to it. On the 6th December, 1783, he wrote to his father to say how pleased he himself was with the numbers he had completed, and what a pity it would be were such music never performed, as might be the case, if Varesco would not consent to certain indispensable alterations in his book. This letter gave rise to a long correspondence between father and son. In it, Mozart detailed the subject of *The Goose of Cairo*, suggested the necessary alterations, and spoke very sensibly of the value of the book. Unfortunately, Varesco was, to judge at least from Mozart's letters, an obstinate man, difficult to manage, and appeared moreover to be firmly convinced of the great merit of his work; in a word, he opposed every important alteration. The unhappy composer was in despair. Luckily for him, Da Ponte had quarrelled with Salieri, and was ready to fulfil the promise he had formerly made Mozart, and thus *The Goose of Cairo* was forgotten for *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and locked up in a dusty press with other manuscripts condemned to oblivion. If the reader bear in mind the correspondence mentioned above, together with the date, 1783, which marks a new period in the development of Mozart's dramatic genius, he will easily believe that the fate to which the unfortunate score was subjected was something to be deplored. In worth, if we look away from the frame, *The Goose of Cairo* may take its place by the side of

the master's best efforts. Happily, it was not lost. While the earthly remains of the poor great man were flung into a pit where they could never be found again, his manuscripts, carefully collected by his widow, passed into the hands of André, who purchased them *en bloc* for 1000 ducats. His successor, and the present owner of them, Herr André, music publisher at Offenbach, published *The Goose of Cairo* in 1861, and it was then I conceived the notion of producing it on the stage. Starting from the same point as Varesco's piece, with the plot of which I was acquainted through Otto Jahn's work, I constructed a completely new libretto, guiding myself conscientiously by the existing musical numbers, so that, for instance, the endings of the acts corresponded with the analogous situations in the original book. As most of the numbers written by Mozart, especially the concerted ones, were out of proportion for a one-act opera, I thought I ought to extend my frame, and make the opera in two acts. It is true that this plan compelled me to interpolate in *The Goose of Cairo* three pieces not in the original work. Mozart wrote neither an overture nor an introduction, but at the very time he was busy on *The Goose of Cairo* he had an idea of setting to music an old opera, *Lo Sposo deluso*. He soon abandoned the project, but this overture and an introductory quartet, possessing, by a remarkable chance, a close resemblance to the first scene of *The Goose of Cairo*, were completed and fully scored.\* This overture and this quartet occupied naturally the place of the absent introduction. Isabella's rondo, also scored, I found in one of the master's scores, of which the title and book are lost. The final trio (No. 6) concluded the first act of an opera by Bianchi, *La Vilanella rapita*, which was produced in 1785 at Vienna, and for which Mozart, like a terrible spendthrift, composed this delicious number. After doing thus much, I required a talented musician well versed in classical music, and impressed with the veneration due to the works of genius. Mozart's mode of composing is well-known. As he himself relates in one of his letters, when he was travelling, at table, out walking, or unable to sleep in bed at night, a stream of musical ideas kept flashing through his brain. Such as pleased him he retained in his memory, to work up subsequently. He seldom forgot them. He worked, therefore, always mentally at first, and did not take up his pen until his idea was quite matured. He then began his score; wrote the parts and the bass; and, reserving for a future period the task of fully scoring his work, contented himself with scoring certain passages and ritornelles, marking repeats, &c. This is the shape in which *The Goose of Cairo* has come down to us. A talented young musician, M. Charles Constantin, conductor at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, and a pupil of the composer, A. Thomas, undertook the delicate task of completing Mozart's instrumentation.

\* These fragments were published by Herr André simultaneously with *The Goose of Cairo*.

### Marvellous Musical Invention.

(From the Home Journal, Oct. 9.)

\*\*\* Electricity is but in its infancy; its mission has not been half fulfilled. Constant experiment is teaching the student new discoveries of its usefulness, and has led to the latest and unexpected purpose to which it has just been put—that of producing music, such as no human agency can accomplish.

The manner in which the idea of this new invention occurred to the inventor is not devoid of interest. It was first suggested to him by noticing the operation of the telegraph apparatus in the back office of Messrs. Steinway & Sons' warerooms, in Fourteenth-street. Mr. Eugene Trastour de Varano, a native of New Orleans, now residing in this city, and a gentleman well-known in musical circles as a gifted pianist, as well as the author of a very successful work on the "Rudiments of Music," had, a few days previous to his discovery, exhibited to Mr. William Steinway, certain plans, on which he was then engaged, the object of which was a system for teaching musical sight reading by machinery. A caveat was already obtained, but the system was not made public on account of certain contemplated improvements which the inventor had not perfected.

On the day in question, a clerk was transmitting telegraphic despatches from Steinway's warerooms, in Fourteenth street, to their factory on Fourth Avenue, when the attention of Mr. Trastour was attracted by the process. While looking on, it occurred to him that the up and down movement of the "arm" which holds the pen, was very similar to that of the motion of the human fingers when striking the key notes of a piano-forte. This analogy came to him like a flash of light. He seated himself near the apparatus, and was soon lost in the examination of its different parts. He was at last aroused from his deep thinking by Mr. Steinway, who tapped him gently on the shoulder, and remarked: "You look as if you had found an improvement on this instrument." Mr. Trastour was startled by the remark, yet it is to be supposed that Mr. Steinway little thought, at the moment, that his apparatus had just given birth to the idea of the Electric Automaton Piano Player, or *Pianoautomaton*, as it is called; which we will now describe to our readers.

The instrument to which this name has been given, is a long wooden box, of the length and width of the keyboard of a piano-forte. It is so constructed that it can be easily and quickly fastened above the keyboard of any piano-forte, by means of clamps. The box is provided with a crank, which sets in motion a magneto-electric apparatus contained within it. By introducing, in an aperture, made for that purpose, the paper upon which the musical composition is to be performed is written, or rather perforated, a series of axial bars protrude from underneath the box and, in striking the keys of the piano-forte, perform correctly the musical composition contained on the paper so introduced. The instrument can cause these axial bars to strike the key notes with four different degrees of strength—from the *pianissimo* to the *fortissimo*; it can gradually swell the sound, when necessary, and afterward diminish it in the same proportion; it can cause the axial bars to strike the key notes either with a *legato* or *staccato* touch, and can produce *diminuendo* and *crescendo* passages without the help of the pedals. Each instrument has a pedal attachment, which can be clamped to the piano. A wire, connecting this attachment to the box situated above the keyboard, enables the instrument to use the loud or soft pedals as either is needed.

The instrument to which the name of *Organautomaton* has been given, is similar to the *Pianoautomaton* in its construction, and is governed by the same principles. The only difference being that one is constructed so as to play on the single key board of the piano-forte, and the other to perform on the three keyboards of church organs. The pedal attachment of the one is similar to that of the other, only it is longer, and has more pedals to act upon.

The patent of the inventor covers three different kinds of instruments: one which contains within it a magneto-electric apparatus, and which is worked by a crank; another provided with a galvanic battery, and also worked by a crank; and last, but not least, a self-acting instrument, which performs alone, without any winding up, or any visible or apparent aid. In inserting the perforated paper in the aperture of this last instrument, it pushes a small lever, which, coming in metallic contact, completes the electrical circuit, and sets in motion a small electric machine, and the instrument thus plays by itself. When all the musical paper has passed through the aperture, the lever, being no longer held up, falls down by its own weight, and the electrical circuit being broken, the instrument stops of its own accord.

The most ingenious, as well as the important part of the invention, is the roll of sheet music containing the notes of the musical compositions to be performed by the instrument. In fact, this roll of paper is the soul and motor of the instrument. The different combinations which can be devised on it, can be made to produce effects of execution on the piano or the organ which no living artist could think of attempting. For example, the instrument can be made, in this manner, to run a chromatic scale in octaves, thirds or tenths, from the lowest to the highest note of the key board, with a velocity which would cause the whole scale to sound like the snap of a whip, although every note shall have been heard distinctly and clearly. In the same manner the instrument can be made to produce the same effect, as if four, six, eight, or more hands were performing. It will easily be understood, therefore, that the roll of sheet music for the instrument is the most important feature of the invention, and that its preparation will, necessarily, create a new branch of industry; a consideration which, commercially speaking, renders the invention one of general public interest.

As most of the masses, oratorios, hymns, operas, dances, and all new compositions will be arranged on rolls of paper prepared for the instrument, the in-

come to be derived from the sale of the music alone will be large. The process of preparing the paper rolls is so simple, that the *performance* of a musical composition will cost less than engraving the notes on paper, as is ordinarily done, and the oldest music, therefore, be supplied at a lower rate than the present publications; and the instrument itself is so simple in its construction, that its price will enable every owner of a piano to purchase it.

The advantages of the invention will be better understood when one thinks of the number of churches throughout the country whose congregations have not the means of sustaining an organist, and whose organ is consequently silent; of the quantity of piano-fortes in our parlors which are dumb for want of a performer. This invention brings within the reach of the poorest church the facility of securing, for a trifling sum, the services of something more than a skilful organist, and to every parlor the possibility of continually possessing a most brilliant piano list.

The instrument will not be confined to a certain set of airs, like a hand-organ, or to a limited repertoire like a human artist, but will play, "at first sight," the most difficult pieces which may be procured, without any previous study, and without hesitation.

To the student it will be a great help, inasmuch as it will perform correctly, and in the requisite movement, those musical compositions which they may desire to learn. To the singer it will be indispensable in efficiently accompanying any of their songs.

For balls and parties, it may even be preferred to a living artist, on account of its mathematical correctness of time in performing quadrilles, polkas, and dances.

For churches it will prove an economy, so far as the organist is concerned, and a great acquisition, on account of its inexhaustible repertoire of voluntaries, masses, oratorios, and hymns; also for its unerring efficiency in sustaining a choir.

To the public it will be a source of general enjoyment, and a means of popularizing the appreciation of fine music, as it will perform any and every musical composition, with strict regard to all the shades, accents, signs, and movements marked by the composers, and not, as is now the case, according to the whims and fancies of the different performers. It will accustom the public ear to the correct execution of the different musical compositions, and will surely elevate the standard of musical criticism.

Taste can be reduced to certain rules: all ascending passages from grave to acute, should be played *crescendo*; those descending from acute to grave should be played *diminuendo*; certain notes should be played louder, others softer. As the instrument is susceptible of four shades of *forte* and *piano*, can play *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, can use both pedals, and especially, as the most delicate shades can be effectively regulated on the roll of perforated sheet music, it will easily be understood that "Trastour's Pianoautomaton" will not perform like a hand-organ, a music-box, or other mechanical apparatus, but will play with taste and feeling, and effectually imitate a living artist.

This invention will shortly be given to the public, and Mr. Trastour will have the honor of not only creating a revolution in the musical world, but will assuredly be entitled to rank among the ingenious inventors of the age.

### Music Fancies.

When Leigh Hunt spoke of the strains of a bagpipe as representative of "the agonies of a tone tied to a post," he said, we are convinced, not only a new, but a true thing. There is a feeling and a sense in a piece of music which cannot be hurt or violated without protest; the melody exclaims on its own score against its tortures, and will appear to shrink, to wriggle, to sigh, and to moan desperately, under bad treatment. When a vagabond assails the quiet of a street with his clarionet, you can hear the miserable Italian airs quivering first a reproachful remonstrance, and then emitting abrupt and dismal petitions for release; but the fellow shows no mercy to "Casta Diva;" on the contrary, he pursues that unfortunate tune up and down the scale, and seems to wring its neck with a vicious shake at the finish. Why should we not have a Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Tunes? What base uses are not those poor brain-children turned to? Did their originators ever intend them to assist (with a monkey) in bringing coppers into the greasy cap of an organ grinder? Would not a Christy minstrel or so satisfy the wretches? If there are necessities in the case we might slightly abate the principle, and license the hawking of "Poor old Jeff," although not without qualms for the degradation of the ebony Belisarius. As for brass bands and their atrocities, they deserve the treadmill. It is bad enough to hear a



tune racked by a single inquisitor; but when a mob, armed with cornets, ophicleides, trombones, and cymbals, surround it, make it run the gauntlet, and finally tear it asunder, the act becomes a crime of unmitigated atrocity. The tune, say, is started, and allowed about five bars law. The cymbals, however, are fastened to its tail, and the creature is bewildered, and refuses to go further. Then comes the butchery: a kick from the trombone, a bayonet thrust from the cornet, and a knock on the head from the drum.

Tune cruelty is not confined to the streets. Murders are committed in the drawing-room, especially under cover of "variations." The victim is frequently executed amidst a roll of obstreperous notes, which drown even its dying voice, as did the cruel rataplan played beside the guillotine on which the French King was beheaded. But there are exceptions. For instance, when a sound musician prepares a melody for display, if his directions are fairly carried out the effect is not unpleasant—quite the contrary. He throws a colored light upon the picture, or he gives it a charm of distance, or he surrounds it with a new and a brilliant atmosphere, or he—treating it as though it were a beautiful woman—offers bouquets of notes, or spreads out a *parterre* of chromatic flowers through which it passes; but he never interrupts, disfigures, or destroys it. Take a set of Chopin's waltzes. Listen to—or watch rather—the lines which the music illuminates, growing into beautiful shapes, which are your own thoughts in part. Here is "emotion singing." Here are moods pensive and gay, joyful and sorrowful, starting into a life of sound. Poor Chopin! what a diary may be read in his music! What hysterical vehemence of passion, what sad uncertainties, vague ambitions, exquisite sensitiveness, and an almost morbid delicacy one can detect in the Tarantelle! Nobody could dance to that dismal piece of hilarity; it is as melancholy as the hearse-like rumble, and the mysterious minor chanting of the "Marche Funèbre" which Chopin wrote for his own obsequies.

Goethe called architecture "frozen music." The expression was truer perhaps than he suspected. Dr. Hay some years ago broached a theory of harmony and form, in which there was a wonderful conjunction of mathematics and poetry, and the Parthenon was made out to be literally "frozen music," and its proportions discovered to have been regulated by relative proportions of the diatonic scale. The walls of Thebes rose and the towers built themselves up to the sound of the lyre of Orpheus. Pythagoras insisted that the universe was but a gigantic organ. "There's music in all things, if men had ears." The poets are never done with this image. They use it in a thousand ways, even to the description of a woman's face. "The mind—the music breathing from her face," wrote Byron of his Zuleika, and he thought it necessary to explain his meaning in a note. "I think," the poet interpreting himself says, "I think there are some who will understand it; at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea, for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory—that mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments only beholds the reflections multiplied." Moore, commenting on the same line, tells us that Lovelace wrote "the melody and music of her face," and old Sir Thomas Browne has it that "there is music even in beauty."

The best index to character may be found in music. Of course the man who has no music in his soul cannot be made out on this plan, but we have excellent authority in the words which follow the well-worn quotation that such a person has no character at all. Notice how great authors supply their book creatures with invariably significant instruments. A strong boy has a fancy for a cornet, a shy lad will take to a fiddle. A boy has been known to deliberately select the triangle as his instrument, and after working it in the college band for years, brought it home to play upon in the bosom of his family at vacation. Dr. Johnson used to put his ear to the drone of a bagpipe, and expressed great pleasure at the sound. This was a queer taste, but it was more curious that he should with such a taste have been able to say of music—"That it was the only sensual pleasure without vice." Imagine the *sensuality* of the bagpipes!

Dos. "Pray, sir, did you ever play on any musical instrument?"

Johnson. "No, sir, I once bought me a flageolet, but I never made out a tune."

The gentleman whose claim to be considered a German scholar rested upon the fact of his brother's acquaintance with the German concertina, appears to have had as clear a notion of the language as the lexicographer had of the "tune." It would seem as if he considered, when he "bought him" the flageolet,

he also purchased the airs that were hidden within it. When the "pilot of the literary whale" mentioned that he was subject to nervous disturbances on hearing music, and could weep at it, "Sir," said the whale, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool."

Music, we are told, can cure sickness. Vigneul de Marville relates a story of a gentleman of distinction suddenly seized by violent illness, and instead of a consultation of physicians, "he immediately called a band of musicians, and their band of violins played so well in his inside that his stomach became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours was harmoniously healed." Here is a hint. Suppose "I Puritani" could be substituted for a pill, not only to purge melancholy but measles; or "Il Ballo" given for a bolus?

Can music speak? We are afraid not, at least, not distinctly. A clever essay in the *Fortnightly Review*, some time since, maintained that a tune, of itself, was colorless and vague. "There are no definitely agreed-upon successions or combinations of sounds which necessarily recall certain clearly understood ideas to the mind. We cannot express love by a major third, or anger by a minor third, or describe the skies by arpeggios, or gardens or fields by a diminished seventh." We remember the unfortunate "cries of the wounded" in the "Battle of Prague," and shudder at representative pieces, and the strident clangor and drumming of war quadrilles at monster concerts. The famous "Songs without Words" seem troubled with an effort to record vague and indefinite emotions in the terms of music, and the struggle possesses a sort of plaintive interest for us; it is as though a spirit desired to take shape and appear to us, and was only permitted to make itself heard. If music had a distinct character of its own, sacred and profane pieces would exhibit an intrinsic difference when played, but as a fact they do not. Many negro melodies are of Church origin, and, strange to say, the once popular "Dandy Jim" is not a native of Carolina but of Italy, where it has positively done service in High Mass. The tunes, like people, mix in strange company. "Don Giovanni" quavers libertinism in strains which suggest a Gothic cathedral. Music, however, no matter how reduced, retains some of the angel, and "Bones" occasionally raises his tenor with absurd words to certain intervals, which serve as an incantation to sentimental ideas very different from those contained in the stuff written for him.—*London Review*.

### "The Original Source of Gregorian Music."

By JAMES FINN, Esq.

(From the London Choir.)

It is no new idea to refer the music of primitive Christianity to an eastern origin; but with some persons it seems to be a question of how far eastwards we are to go in search of the source of traditional Church music.

The option in their minds seems to lie between the Hebrew and the Greek derivation.

Now, in respect to the historical propagation of Christian doctrine, as gathered from the "Acts of the Apostles," we might imagine that, while tenacious of traditions received in childhood, these traditions would run in the separate lines of their original nationalities, Grecian or Hebrew.

But I think it may be fairly concluded that in matters of religious custom (we are now considering that of music,) they did not feel themselves at liberty to follow one or other of these schools indiscriminately, as merely a matter of national taste.

First, with regard to the Hebrew converts. Let us imagine these believers, three thousand in one day, besides large numbers on other days, converted to the true and perfected faith in Jerusalem, gathered into communities and holding religious services, "singing hymns to Christ as a god," as Tacitus expresses it. Is it to be supposed that they would resort to the Grecian idol temple for musical airs or chants, and not rather to the glorious ceremonial worship of Jerusalem and the traditional airs received from their fathers? Nay, more, would they not look to the type as far as possible, which their Divine Lord and Master followed when he and the disciples sang the Passover hymn before going out to the Mount of Olives?

I think there cannot be two opinions as to this class of the primitive Christians.

Next, with regard to the class derived from Gentile nations in Greece or Asia minor: those of Corinth, or "the seven churches," when they came to be formed into public assemblies for worship, and to have "customs" of their own (see 1 Cor. xi. 16), under stringent apostolical injunctions to "keep themselves from idols" (1 John v. 21,) and to "abstain from all appearance of evil" (1 Thes. v. 22), even to abstain from eating meat offered to idols, lest

they should wound the weak consciences of the brethren (1 Cor. viii. 12,) surely it is not to be believed that they would have recourse to the ceremonial worship of the Temple of Diana, or to immoral celebrations elsewhere for musical airs in which to "sing hymns to Christ as a god."

Having accepted the prophets and psalms of the Jews, to them they would naturally look for aid in all that could render their services delightful or attractive. They could not but be aware of the Hebrew origin of their creed and its primitive teachers. Before conversion, the religion of Jesus had been to them "foolishness," but after embracing the faith that was sufficient to nerve them to willing martyrdom for its sake, they could have had no school of music ready at hand for use so well adapted to their object as the Hebrew.

I conclude, then, that the Grecian converts neither resorted to melodies inseparably connected with the worship of devils, nor invented a religious music of new character for themselves.

With regard to European nations embracing Christianity, it seems to be included within the opinions above alluded to, that they were obliged to choose between Hebrew and Greek sources for their sacred melodies.

If it could be shown that they derived the new religion at second hand through the Greeks, and with it the "customs" and characteristics interwoven with it, their music might also have been of a Greek character.

But, inasmuch as from the day of Pentecost itself there were believers who were "strangers of Rome," and inasmuch as on the arrival of St. Paul at Apollonia, there were brethren from Rome to meet him, inasmuch, also, as very shortly afterwards there were "saints in Caesar's household"—we are certainly not limited to that idea. The European Christians, then of Rome, and afterwards of other nations, evangelized from the Eastern countries, were not driven to a Greek derivation for "customs" or music in their assemblies or churches—they had an alternative between the Hebrew school of music and an indigenous school of their own country, whatever that might be.

Having that choice, the same reasons would apply to them for rejecting the contamination of idolatrous worship, mainly the same as that of the Greeks, as the Greeks had in their country—in relation to whom the Europeans were contemporaries, not disciples or successors.

In confirmation of this my belief, reference may safely be made to that mine of genuine evidence in religious feeling and practice, the Roman catacombs, where among the inscriptions and emblematic designs, we find everywhere allusions made to the incidents of Hebrew Scripture as "part and parcel of Christianity," nay, the very root of it, but nowhere any leaning towards Grecian mythology, or even Grecian historical events or persons.

Roman Christianity was, therefore, based upon Hebrew Christianity, and not derived through a Grecian channel; and if Gregorian Church music be derived from the Roman Church, Gregorian music would have no connection with a Grecian origin.

The same may be said of other European nations, as Spain, Scythia, or Britain, who received the gospel from Asia direct, not from Greece.

From the little we know of music among the classical Greeks, of their musical instruments, and especially of the character of their hymns for worship, it appears to be entirely of a light and florid character. We may confidently assert that the Gregorian music bears no resemblance whatever to it, while it does partake of the grave and lofty essentials of Hebrew ceremonial; and at this point of the consideration I may mention that among the fragments of Rabbinical sayings in our middle ages, collected by Buxtorf in his "*Florilegium Hebraeorum*," there is a metrical saying to the effect—

—"What saith

The art of music among the Christians?

Indeed I was stolen out of the land of the Hebrews."

This last line is an adaptation, such as particularly marks a Jewish character, of a phrase from the Bible narrative of Joseph in the Egyptian prison (Gen. xl. 15;) but it shows what impression, as a matter of taste, the cathedral services of the Christians made upon a learned Jew, without reference to religious doctrine, in the correspondency in style, if not identity of melody, existing between their solemn music and that of the ancient Hebrews.

The above observations have all been made by way of reasoning, without consideration of the intrinsic nature of music.

Mr. Macfarren argues that the ancient musical system of the Jews, "like those of all Eastern people, differed from the Gregorian system in the division of the scale into smaller intervals than semitones," but in order to assign a Grecian origin to the Gregorian

music it would be necessary to show—first, that the Grecian music was not likewise framed upon a system of smaller intervals than semitones; and secondly, that Grecian music was framed upon the same system in general as that named the Gregorian.

But what proof is there that "the Jewish musical system, like those of all Eastern peoples, differed from the Gregorian in the division of the scale into smaller intervals than semitones?"

In the ancient Jewish music still in use, although the minor mode is common, the intervals are not different from those of our scale.

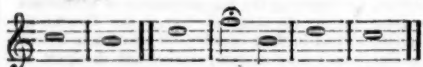
Perhaps this was just the difference between Hebrew and other Eastern music. At any rate, it is unreasonable to assume without positive proof that the Jews divided the scale into smaller intervals, as the Arabs do. They have differed from all other Orientals in their system of vowels in grammar, and have also invented an elaborate system of accents, indicating niceties at once of punctuation and of musical phrasing—why then should they not have differed from them in their development of the science of music?

It is a fact that there are extremely ancient Hebrew melodies that have been from time immemorial sung in synagogues, which can be and have been reduced to staves, bars, and tones, according to our system and our scale, for modern practice, and I would recommend to the particular attention of Mr. Macfarren the collection of Sephardi-synagogue music, edited by De Sola, together with the learned dissertation prefixed to the same.

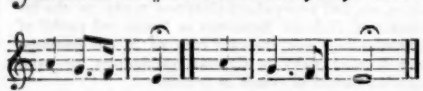
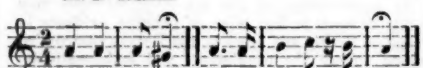
For gratification of musical curiosity in a style not commonly known, that small volume well deserves attention; some of the airs there produced we have tested while in the East, and found them recognized as their own by Sephardi Jews of Jerusalem conversant only with their own synagogue melodies.

If such results can be produced by our notation from antique Hebrew composition in their hymns and canticles, most of which bespeak a period of high cultivation in the science of music, I confess that I have no difficulty in believing that the primitive Gregorian chants could have had their origin in Hebrew melodies such as the following:—

No. 1.



No. 2. SPANISH.



[The double bars have been inserted, so as to point out more clearly how easily this melody falls into the form of a double chant.]

The Hebrew synagogue music of the Sephardi section consists of plaintive or joyous airs traditionally preserved in connexion with their own definite hymns or anthems, and it must be remembered that Jews were settled in Spain before the Christian era, possessing their system of religious worship from the earliest times. It is very likely that they carried with them, as others had done to Babylon, the melodies used in the First Temple, "the Lord's song," which they would not sing for amusement of strangers. It is in the highest degree improbable that they would have allowed a single note to be altered, far less that they would have borrowed from either Greek or Christian. Indeed, they were unlikely to come into contact with Greeks at all. It is further to be remembered that Spanish synagogues in all countries still keep and use the melodies which their ancestors used in Spain more than three centuries ago, when they were banished thence, and some of them went back to Palestine.

The early Spanish Church music, say that of the Mozarabic liturgy, would probably furnish interesting illustrations of this subject.\* It might be compared with the earliest of the Greek Church, and both with the old Hebrew music.

The result may be that all these, the Gregorian included, will be found to be tuneful daughters of a most venerable mother, namely, the Ritual of the Temple of Jerusalem, as ordered by David, or even of the Tabernacle, as ordained by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

\* Cardinal Ximenes endowed a chapel at Toledo, expressly for keeping up this relic of national antiquity, just as there is an endowment in Milan Cathedral for preservation of Gregorian services. Possibly some of that Spanish music could still be brought to light.

### Offenbach.

The name which at present is most widely celebrated throughout the theatres and concert rooms of Europe is unquestionably that of Offenbach. Wedding Music and the Drama together, after a fashion altogether unprecedented, he has produced a class of music, half-opera, half-burlesque, which belongs to himself alone. The burlesques of the old school are enlivened by popular airs or selections from the operatic stage, and the music is altogether of a light kind; but Offenbach when most in fun is most in earnest, and some of his best comical effects are brought about by elaborate concerted pieces, such as none of his predecessors would have dreamed of composing—save for the purposes of avowedly high art. A thorough master of melody and harmony, he has made them subservient to the spirit of grotesque humor, which preëminently characterizes the present age. We may almost call the middle of the nineteenth century the age of Offenbach.

Nor is the popularity of this most original genius confined to any class of the several communities which hear his creations with delight. No sooner has one of his masterpieces been produced at Paris than it is at once brought out at all the German capitals, to awaken the laughter and applause of everybody. Each of the works, on a large scale, which he has brought out of late, may be said to have marked an epoch. The effect of "Orphée aux Enfers" has not died out yet. After being performed on every stage of continental Europe, it has furnished quadrilles for the fashionable ball-room, tunes for the humble barrel-organ, songs and choruses for the music hall. The people of the old world may truly be said to live and breathe Offenbach.

It is not enough to assert that this greatest of musical humorists is still in the prime of life and vigor. Each of his later works has been better than its predecessor, and the last, "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," brought out at the Théâtre des Variétés, the scene of his more recent triumphs, is the most successful of them all.

Jacques Offenbach was born at Cologne, on the 21st of June, 1819, and at the age of fourteen he became a pupil of the French Conservatoire. In 1847 he succeeded M. Barbereau as leader of the orchestra of the Théâtre Français, and at about the same time gave signs of a talent for composition, by setting to music the Fables of La Fontaine. These fables are, as a matter of course, committed to memory by every educated child in France, and, deriving a new charm from the music of Offenbach, they soon made their way through all the best circles of French society. Offenbach had also become celebrated as an artist on the violoncello. Nevertheless his career was then only just beginning, and his present fame dates from 1850, when he obtained the right to open the world-renowned Bouffes Parisiens. This theatre, erected in the Champs Elysées, at once became the rage of Paris; and, when summer had departed, and the brilliant Champs could be no longer visited, the hall in the Passage Choiseul, once named after M. Comte, became its winter home. The enterprising spirit of Offenbach has been fully commensurate with his genius: to secure vogue for his productions, he established competitions, offered rewards and prizes, and, in 1857-58, gave a new impulse to his European fame by travelling to England and Germany with his own vocal company.

The pieces brought out on the opening of the theatre in the Champs Elysées, in the summer of 1850, were "Les deux Aveugles" and "Une Nuit Blanche." Thus was begun a long list of successes, among which we may name "Bataclan" and "Le Violoncelle," produced in the same year; "Tronib Alcazar," "Le Postillon en Gage," "Le Rose de Saint Fleur," "Le Financier et le Saretier," all produced in 1856; and "Croche Fer," brought out in 1857. These, which were operettas of the lightest kind, were soon followed by "Les Baisers du Diable," a phantasmagoria in three tableaux, and then came the famous "Orphée aux Enfers," which drew crowds for three hundred successive nights, and furnished airs for the pianos of every fashionable drawingroom in Paris and London. Other popular works are "Le Chanson de Fortunio," "Le Pont des Soupirs," "Apothécaire et Perruquier," "Le Roman Comique," and "M. et Mme. Denis," the last in 1862.

In the season of 1864-65 Offenbach achieved a triumph in a theatre of larger dimensions, the Variétés, honorably known for many years as one of the chief temples to the comic muse. Here he brought out "La Belle Hélène," an exquisitely humorous version of the old Homeric myth.

Offenbach's last and greatest success is "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," which was recently produced at the Variétés, and is now the grand sensation of Europe. It charms every ear and shakes all sides with laughter.—N. Y. Weekly Review.

### Music Abroad.

#### Germany.

LEIPZIG. We translate the following from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Oct. 11.

"Yesterday the Gewandhaus re-opened its doors, which had been closed since Easter, and summoned the faithful to the first subscription concert of this winter's cycle. On entering, our eyes were agreeably surprised by a renovation of the hall, which has clad the familiar room in a new dress (*Gewande*), without marring its chaste simplicity, which held all distracting ornaments aloof. In the string quartet of the orchestra we were glad to see Concertmeister Dreyschock, recovered from long illness. The programme, for a Welcome, gave us first Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*. Its tones swiftly, as with Faust's magic mantle, bore us away from the turmoil of everyday life into the moonlit realm of the Romantic, which Weber rules as most peculiarly his own domain; and the poetic, finely elaborated rendering of the work brought it before our inner sense with all the dreamed of majesty and splendor.

"The second part of the programme, on the other hand, led us upon true classic ground. It consisted of Beethoven's C-minor Symphony, the greatest Symphonic Poem, the richest in ideas, that ever was created. Here too the orchestra followed the bold flight of the master with penetrating understanding and an accuracy hardly to be surpassed. We would only hint to the trombones, that the *fanfares* of the Finale, powerfully as Beethoven makes them stand out, still belong always within the frame of a Symphony and therefore must be essentially distinguished from the crash of military Janissary music.

"Between the orchestral works two 'guests' appeared in solo performances: Fräulein Therese Seehofer, from Vienna, and Herr Henri Wieniawski, from St. Petersburg, both for the first time in the Gewandhaus. The former is a young singer of much promise, with an agreeable soprano voice, and already far advanced in its artistic cultivation. She won the applause of the assembly with the second grand aria of the Countess in 'Figaro's Marriage,' in which that Mozart-ish type of noble womanhood laments the loss of her youth's ideal in tones of such incomparably warm, deep feeling; and still more in the scena: '*Ocean, du Ungeheuer*,' from Weber's *Oberon*.—Herr Wieniawski, a Pole, who studied in Paris, and since 1860 has held the place of first solo violinist to the Emperor of Russia, counts among the renowned violin players of the present day. In Mendelssohn's Concerto he attested the excellencies of the Parisian school: elegance, grace, flexibility and tenderness of bowing, to a distinguished degree; equally obvious were the weak points of the same; the want of nerve and a sweetish manner without energy. Wholly contrary to German taste was his own Fantasia upon themes from Gounod's *Faust*; a virtuoso piece so superficial and tedious, so barren of all higher aspiration, the walls of the Gewandhaus perhaps never heard."

Another critic (in the *Nachrichten*) says of Wieniawski's Fantasia: "The motto of the tastefully renovated Gewandhaus, freshened up with new color: '*Res severa est verum gaudium*,' should have been covered with a curtain during the performance of that composition."

A concert has been given by Professor Mulder, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in aid of the Cathedral Building Fund. The pieces performed were: Overture to "La Chasse du jeune Henri" Méhul; Page's air from "Le Nozze," Mozart, and fragment from the fifth act of "L'Africaine," Meyerbeer, sung by Mme. Lucca; duet from "Don Juan," sung by Mme. Lucca and Herr Verger; rondeau brilliant in E flat major for pianoforte, played by Herr E. Pauer; and overture to "Le Siège de Corinthe," Rossini. Mme. Lucca was greatly applauded, and, in consideration of the alacrity with which she gave her services, has been presented with the honorary freedom of the City.



The following works were performed at a concert lately given in the Dreifaltigkeitskirche at Worms, Germany: "Overture to St. Paul," Mendelssohn; air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from "The Messiah," Handel; prelude and fugue for organ, and sacred song, S. Bach; "Ave Maria," Schubert; recitative and final chorus from the first part of "The Creation;" "Ave Verum," Mozart; "Mit Würd' and Hoheit," from "The Creation;" duet and chorus from "Elijah," Mendelssohn; variations for the organ, Hesse; air from "St. Paul," Mendelssohn; and the "Hallelujah Chorus," from "The Messiah," Handel. The vocal solos were entrusted to Mme. Peschka-Leutner, Herren Hill and Ruff. The organ pieces were executed by Herr Lux.

The musical feuilleton of the new journal *Süd-deutsche Presse*, which appeared on the 1st inst., is edited by Richard Wagner, who has given up the idea of expounding his theories in a special journal of his own.

Foreign journals assert that Wagner's comic opera, "Hans Sachs," which was to have been given at Munich on the anniversary of the wedding-day of the composer's "kingly friend," will be withheld, the work being just six hours long.

Simon Sechter, court organist and professor of the Vienna Conservatoire, died recently in that capital, at the age of seventy-nine. He was one of the most learned contrapuntists of this century, and has left a number of compositions. He enjoyed much reputation as a teacher, Thalberg, Viuextemps, Pauer and Doehler being numbered among his pupils. Schubert intended to study under Sechter, but his too early death prevented him.

The interest excited by the recent disinterment of Schubert's instrumental compositions, and the knowledge that a mass of manuscripts yet remain in Vienna, says the London *Athenæum*, have led to the departure of a known amateur, with a professor, for the Austrian capital, expressly for the purpose of research and examination. There has been no such treasure unearthed in our time.

Revivals of Gluck's "Armida," "Alceste," and "Iphigenia in Tauris" are announced as forthcoming during the winter season at Berlin.

The *Saturday Review* thus adverts to Ludwig Nohl's "Life of Beethoven." "The life of Beethoven is a subject of which the world seems never to tire, so numerous and important are the contributions made to it almost annually. Herr Nohl, known as a high authority on music in general, and as the biographer of Mozart in particular, is probably as well qualified for the task as any living man, unless it be the American Thayer, whose extraordinary diligence and knowledge of the subject are amply recognized by Nohl himself. The principal claim of the latter would seem to consist in his more elaborate investigation of the history of Beethoven's youth, which he considers to have been comparatively neglected by his predecessors, and which is certainly much less known than the painful history of the composer's latter days. He has collected a vast amount of detail, little of which can be regarded as irrelevant; his style is clear and fluent, the leading circumstances are ably narrated, the illustrations judiciously introduced, the biographer's own observations sensible and appropriate; and on the whole, whether destined to be ultimately superseded by Thayer's or not, it cannot be doubted that this Life of Beethoven will obtain a large and deserved measure of success. The two volumes now published bring the work down to 1814."

To condense our German notes—Herr Joachim has been playing at Hamburg; M. Rubinstein at Leipzig. The four artists led by Herr Becker, who make up what is called "the Florentine Quartet," have given performances during the past "bath season" with success. A travelling orchestra is going the round of the principal cities, headed by Herr Bilse, who, adopting an English title, advertises "monster concerts," with an orchestra of only sixty performers. Concerts have been and are being organized in aid of the Freiligrath Fund. The one at Darmstadt, the other day, was more than usually productive. Herren Brahms and Joachim are about to give concerts in company at Vienna next month. A new Philharmonic Society is to be founded in Berlin. While people interested or disinterested, as may be, are blowing up rumors of war between France and Prussia, one of the most redoubtable French military bands, which of late has been heard at Aix-la-Chapelle, Düsseldorf, Elberfeld, and other

towns of the district, to every one's satisfaction, gave a concert the other evening in the noble Gürzenich room at Cologne, and was received in the most cordial fashion conceivable. A pianoforte "monster" concert, calling itself historical, was the other day given in the City of the Three Kings by M. Mortier de la Fontaine. The programme consisted of twenty pieces of music, ranging between the days of Dr. John Bull and the Abbé Liszt.—*Athenæum*.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF MENDELSSOHN. We translate from the *Signale*: "Mendelssohn's son, the young Dr. Carl Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who lives in Heidelberg, having been appointed Professor of History there, has been resting from his arduous labors for some weeks in Baden-Baden. He is at present occupied with the publication of a second series of the works left in manuscript by his illustrious father. The first of these, the Trumpet Overture, in C, (composed in 1826,) has recently appeared as op. 101; and others will soon follow. The first to be expected is a new book of 'Songs without Words,' composed between 1841 and 1845, that is to say in his last period. Next will come a posthumous Symphony, the so-called 'Reformation Symphony,' in D minor, written for the Festival of the Reformation in 1830 and at that time performed in Berlin and London. We have furthermore to expect a set of *Etudes* and a Piano Sonata (composed in 1827), besides a funeral March for wind instruments, which Mendelssohn wrote in 1836 for the funeral of Norbert Burgmüller. This beautiful March, arranged for orchestra, has been performed in Baden-Baden, exciting a lively interest among the friends of music.

An important posthumous work by Schubert has been published by Spina, of Vienna—the cantata of "Lazarus." It is planned on the scale of a full Oratorio, but only two parts are completed; the composer did not live to write further than the death bed, the house of mourning, and the grave. The grief of Jesus—the awe and glory of the miracle, are wanting. That which exists, however, shows Schubert's genius in its highest form; exceeding in sublimity, and equalling in originality and beauty, the finest portions of his Mass in E flat. In "Lazarus," however, as elsewhere, is to be felt his tendency to prolixity; arising probably from a want of opportunity to hear his compositions executed. The *Athenæum* says it is impossible to perform that wonderful fragment as it stands, but a selection of half a dozen numbers may be made with ease.

## Paris

The San Francisco *Musical Monthly* translates and condenses from the *Paris Guide* the following account of the Orphéon singing schools:

"The Orphéon furnishes to the youth of the Communal schools instruction in the elements of music, and by making them acquainted with the beauties of the best poetry, and revealing to them the primordial laws of harmony, cultivates the ear, and teaches them to speak their language with a purer pronunciation. There they acquire the taste for elevating recreations, and learn above all, how from the union of voices, may spring the union of hearts. For, at the Orphéon, all classes meet together—masters and workmen, townsmen and soldiers, rich and poor, peasants and citizens;—all liberal minds are interested in this useful institution, as yet hardly thirty years old. It is after the *Liedertafeln*, of Germany and Switzerland, that the Orphéon has been modeled.

"The first German Liedertafel was founded at Berlin, in 1808, by the musician Zelter, assisted by Goethe; and another poet, none other than Béranger, contributed to the success of the Orphéon by proposing B. Wilhem as Singing Master in the schools of mutual instruction, when in October, 1818, the study of music was introduced into them. It was not until 1835, however, that the Municipal Council of Paris, ordered the introduction of singing into the Communal schools. Three years later, singing was regularly taught in all the universities.

"There remained the working classes, both at Paris and in the departments. At the suggestion, and under the eye of Wilhem, M. Hubert, an excellent professor, opened, in 1835, in the Rue Montgolfier, a course of vocal music for working people, and the pupils of these evening schools were able, at the end of a few months, to sing in chorus. This first success led to the opening of similar schools at the Halle aux Draps, the Rue de Fleurus, the Rue d'

Argenteuil, and elsewhere; and to-day, according to official documents, there are in France, 3,243 choral societies, numbering 147,500 singers.

"The Orphéon had thus, at its disposition, hundreds of tenor and bass voices to reinforce and complete the choruses of our Communal schools.

"The more the public performances were multiplied, the more clearly manifest became the interest felt in the cause of the Orphéon. In 1852, the functions at first discharged by B. Wilhem, and afterwards by M. Hubert, devolved upon the distinguished composer, M. Ch. Gounod. This eminent musician handed in his resignation in 1860, and the Orphéon, continually growing in prosperity, was then divided into two sections; that of the left bank of the Seine under the direction of M. François Bazin, and that of the right, under M. Jules Pasdeloup. M. Hubert was appointed inspector of the Communal schools on the right bank, and M. Foulon of those on the left.

"Such is, in brief the history of the establishment and progress of the Orphéon.

"Every Thursday evening, the adult pupils receive a lesson from their director, and, every Sunday afternoon, adults and children meet together to repeat the choruses. The division under the charge of M. F. Bazin meets at the Sorbonne; and the division of the right bank of the Seine has hitherto met in the hall of the Grand Orient Rue Cadet, but will soon be obliged to move.

"Every spring there is an exhibition of the progress made, at which, 1,200 chosen pupils, sing before the Prefect of the Seine and the Superintending Committee, the new pieces which they have learned. Their repertoire is very rich, for our best composers take pleasure in adding to it every day. Adolphe Adam, Halévy, M. Ambroise Thomas, Félicien David, Ch. Gounod, Fr. Bazin, and other masters have furnished for it fine choral compositions.

"Thanks to their directors, our Orphéonists cultivate by turns Pergolesi and Lesueur, Handel and Rossini, Gluck and Mendelssohn, Grétry and Weber, Mozart and Schubert, the old masters and the new, the Classical and the Romantic school."

A foreign critic writes: "The reprise of L'Elisir d'Amore, at the Theatre Italien, has recently been the principal musical feature in Paris. Of course, Adelina Patti was the *Adina*, and certainly it is one of her most finished and exquisite impersonations—perhaps, indeed, never so faithfully and bewitchingly sustained. And this may be averred in spite of the powerful reminiscences of Mme. Persiani, the original, Mme. Frezzolini and Mme. Bosio. Nothing more *piquante*, more graceful and refined, more coquettish and more truthful to nature has been witnessed on the operatic boards. As for the singing, it is inimitable throughout, and is in all probability the greatest vocal achievement of Mlle. Patti, who was well supported by Signor Gardoni in the part of *Nemorino* and by Signor Sealese in *Dulcamara*. Signor Agnesi played *Serjant Belcore*.

A short opera, "The Bride of Corinth," by M. Duprato, will be shortly produced at the Grand Opera.

ROME.—A private letter to a gentleman in this city (says the San Francisco *Musical Monthly*) criticizes Liszt's new Oratorio, as follows:

"On the 6th of July last, at 8½ p.m., there was given in the Sala Dante the Commendatore F. Liszt's Oratorio of 'Christ,' with the accompaniment of a full Orchestra of 130 artistes.

"The merits of the composition and its acceptability to the audience may be guessed at from the following facts: ten rehearsals were found necessary to prepare for the performance—(this shows the inequality of the parts); and when at last performed, the hearers showed the greatest irritation, and the evening ended in uproar and tumult. Many of the audience even demanded their money back.

"The fault of all this was thrown on the sopranos and altos (who were boys) and, in accordance with somewhat novel ideas of justice, they were deprived of their pay. During the rehearsals, entire satisfaction; at the performance, quite the contrary.

"The fault was not with the boys, but with the character of the composition. Liszt would do well to play the pianoforte, on which instrument he cannot be surpassed. We might even say, without hesitation, that he is the *only one* who possesses the art of playing on the piano; but he ought to abandon the attempt at composing for voices, unless he wishes to become the laughing-stock of Europe.

"There are many utterly ignorant of music who run after him, because of his renown as a pianist, and who one day will be obliged to confess their er-

ror. Public opinion cannot be suppressed; it will make itself known. Neither is it given to man to be perfect in everything. Liszt may run his fingers over the key-board; he possesses the mechanical part of music, but it does not follow that he can compose for voices.

"These two different branches are reached by different paths. Neither one of them supposes the other. The real scientific part of music, and especially that which regards the human voice, Liszt does not possess; and his works prove this to all unprejudiced hearers."

The writer says, elsewhere:

"The 'Sala Dantesca' is a hall here at which are given concerts, both vocal and instrumental, in order to dupe foreigners, and pocket a little cash.

"Old compositions, baptized by the name of this or that school, and assigned to any century, are performed; and to this amusement is given the name of 'Historical Concerts.' That you may know where we stand in the matter of vocal composition, it is only necessary to state that they have lately performed a piece of vocal music by Liszt!"

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 9, 1867.

### Draping the Flag.

Saturday, November 2, 1867.

Oh, Flag! that o'er my quiet home  
Has often floated, now I bind  
On thee a mournful badge of woe,  
As thus I give thee to the wind.

In hours of joy and glowing pride  
I oft have flung thee broadly out,  
Seeming to hear the rallying cry,  
The bugle call, the victor's shout.

Yet ever, 'mid thy stripes and stars,  
I saw the hero's life blood stream,  
As from rebellion's hands were torn  
These colors in the death fire's gleam.

Now, purified by blood and tears  
From the dark blot of slavery's stain,  
I ne'er had thought to gaze once more  
Upon thy folds with bitter pain.

Yet soon with tears thy banner broad  
Was closely bound by mournful band,  
When the whole world with us deplored  
The Leader, Father of our Land.

Again amid thy folds there floats  
The mournful sign of household grief;  
(Even so slight a token seems  
To wounded hearts a fond relief.)

Oh, Flag, thou art embalmed by tears,  
And sanctified by Heroes' fame,  
Yet on the record thou dost watch  
None higher stands than ANDREW's name.

Droop, then, 'mid thousand other signs  
Which signal through our land to-day  
What heavy loss befel the State  
When in his prime he passed away.

Not passed away; his well earned fame  
Shall with his country's banner be  
Entwined; to each true heart the sign  
Of Faith and Hope and Liberty.

—Transcript.

W.

### Music in Boston.

Mr. L. F. HARRISON's first concert, last Monday evening, brought back to us Madame PAREPA-ROSA, and her husband, with Signor FERRANTI, and for a new and singular attraction the pianist whom we all thought so wonderful twenty years ago, LEOPOLD DE MEYER. It was the Parepa troupe somewhat shorn of its old propor-

tions, and without an orchestra, so that there was no particular propriety in styling it a "Grand" Concert. But the Music Hall was remarkably well filled, and the favorites of two years past were very cordially welcomed. Mme. Rosa's cheerful, generous presence still bespoke the favor, which her noble voice and song confirmed. The voice was as clear, as pure, as all-sufficing as before, and the delivery as perfect; only at times, in stronger passages, it sounded a little hard, and in the strength we missed something of the old sweetness; not so at all in the *mezza voce*, which was singularly beautiful and even, with all her artistic fineness, certainty and ease of execution. We wished the selections had been better; they were mostly of the very ordinary English ballad kind:—"Tripping through the meadows," by Molley, set down as "new," but merely another specimen of that never new "Five o'clock in the morning" school, which sells so well and employs so many manufacturers in England;—a French Romance: "*Si tu savais*," by English (Irish) Balfe; a ballad or two more for encores,—all of course sung with spirit, and captivating to the less musical part of an audience. The one good thing was the little Duet: "*Crudel, perchè finora*," from Mozart's *Figaro*, which she sang with Ferranti.

Equally ordinary and without claim upon really musical ears and feelings were the violin selections of our friend Carl Rosa, whose very presence always wins one's sympathy, and whose playing this year, as we intimated before, by its greater evenness and smoothness and the absence of forced tone, shows the good influence of a more quiet, settled life. But beautiful and searching as were the tones, and fine the execution, one expects from such an artist something quite different from mere Bellini *Souvenirs* and fantastical Fantasias on themes from the *Freysschütz*.

But the object of most curiosity was the piano virtuoso, our old friend DE MEYER. As he hastened upon the stage, hat and gloves in hand, bowing and smiling, greatly changed by years, we knew him more by the fire of the eyes and by a certain *vornehm* air, than by anything else. Seated at the piano, the old ways and motions, the characteristic touch, so nervous, and in softer passages beautifully clear and limpid, the eccentric dash and energy, the wilful and superfluous force thrown into the accent of a single note; the exciting promise of now and then a marked opening and then the wandering away into indefinite prolixity of ornamental passage work (for all his pieces were of his own composition); but all the time an individuality, a mingled sense of a once fine but fitful fire and grotesqueness, brought back the man. He is still a remarkable player, but not what he was. Yet there is enough individuality about it to make it (for a while at least) interesting. If he would only play good music! But we suppose the virtuoso tendency, too long indulged in, becomes at last an unconquerable fatality, a sort of nightmare spell paralyzing the very will that would return. He did, to be sure, on being recalled, play a familiar thing of Chopin; you of course recognized the features, and yet half doubted them, so little was there of the Chopin soul. For the rest, his own "*Depart et Retour*" was delicate and tender, although somewhat commonplace, in the first part, and fiery in the second; and his *Norma* Fantasia, opening with a really

stately transcription of the Druid march, soon began to wander, automatically, up and down the keys in thin conventional bravura, brilliant, but bringing no new thought, only at times starting by a fit of fiery accent. The Steinway piano, extremely sweet in tone when softly or moderately played, jingled as if taxed beyond its power in the strong passages.

The rosy, rollicking, rich-voiced Ferranti, put to it for new buffo songs, could only put us off with third-rate ones. Balfe's "Postilion" has not *genius*, without which fun is weariness; and that crying, scolding air from Fioranti's "Columella," relies on the quick, angry reiteration of the word "*Femmine! femmine!*" for any witty point it has, while the *boo-hoo-ing* was too buffoonish for an artistic concert. In short the Concert, as a whole, was not artistic, fine as the execution was, of course, with such superior artists. In place of Orchestra, there were Organ pranks at beginning and end by Mr. Thayer, and rather dry piano-forte accompaniment by Mr. G. W. Colby.

The second of the five Parepa concerts takes place this evening, and the third to-morrow (Sunday), when we look for a programme at least worthy of a week day.

**SYMPHONY CONCERTS.** The habits of a fortnightly paper compelling us to go to press upon the very Thursday of the concert, we cannot report yet of the first one. We can only speak from our knowledge of the programme (how rich it is, how well contrasted in its two parts, we have shown in our last) and of the rehearsals; and we doubt not we shall be able to say in our next that it did not disappoint the glowing hopes of the unusually large and generous subscription audience. We know pretty well, too, how fine a surprise the public will have experienced in the beautiful tenor voice and the true musical spirit of the young member of the Harvard Association, the last graduate taken into its ranks, the sweet college singer of a year ago, who now makes his debut in his native city, where he proposes to devote himself to the best classical (including Oratorio) music, Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

To the full effect of that Dedication Overture (op. 124) of Beethoven especially, as well as of the "Jupiter" Symphony, the Gade "Highlands" "Overture" and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, we do need a greater force of strings in our Orchestra. The musical means are not so great as the musical heart of Boston. But let the heart continue earnest and the means will come. Surely, a public, which gives nearly *thirteen hundred season subscribers* for eight purely classical Symphony concerts, deserves to have a noble Orchestra! And this large list has cost scarcely any effort; the simple knowledge that the good plan of pure programmes would be persevered in, and that the nucleus of the right audience was guaranteed beforehand in the very character of the Association that provides the concerts, has proved enough, as was anticipated, to draw the real music-lovers in such numbers. Verily we have not our fair share of good classical violin and 'cello players here, when larger cities, which abound in them, show so much less of the right sort of appetite. We are sure, there is room in Boston for a dozen first-rate orchestra musicians in the string department, in-



cluding another fine Quartet for Chamber Concerts; and, with a little patience, they would find support here. The higher kind of occupation for such will steadily go on increasing; those who come, if they are competent, can take the first places, not a few of which are just now vacant.

The second concert (Nov. 21) reverts to last year's plan of programme—instead of two Symphonies, one Symphony and a Concerto. Part I. Cherubini's Overture to *Medea* (new); a Bacharia, sung by Mrs. CARY; Mozart's Concerto for two pianos, played by Messrs. LANG and PARKER. —Part II. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony (B flat); Songs by Mrs. Cary; Overture to *Oberon*. The Symphony in the third Concert will be by Haydn.

The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are rehearsing Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, with selections from "Solomon," &c., for the Saturday evening, and "Samson" for the Sunday evening, after Thanksgiving. We are happy to learn that Mr. George L. Osgood is engaged for the tenor solos in the "Messiah" at Christmas time.

### Shall we be a Musical People?

The following appeared some months since in the leading Methodist journal of this city, *Zion's Herald*. We must confess much sympathy with the ideas expressed in it, and it is certainly hopeful when Methodists begin to entertain them.

The love of music has become so widespread and so deep among us, that henceforth the divine Art must be counted among the vital interests of this people. Music must enter largely into the education of freemen. To love freedom and to trust to that as the very soul and principle of all our institutions, the keystone of the arch of all political and social order, and yet to neglect the culture of the ideal arts,—especially that art which is the most ideal, the most free, the most spiritual, and the most sympathetic of the Arts, the Art of Tones,—why, a great people might as well hope to live and realize true liberty without religion. The instinct of liberty in the individual, the pursuit of one's own pleasure (what he fancies his own life,) will always be more or less in conflict with the restraints of general order; freedom of thought, the free play of the inquiring and insatiable intellect will call in question every creed and system; the genial element in human nature will ever prove too strong for unæsthetic diet. Positive legal enactments, positive forms of religion, moral prohibitions can do much, can at least preserve a certain outward decency and show of order; but they cannot satisfy the great thirst of the soul, which is for a real taste of the divine life, of heavenly freedom, harmony and beauty even here in this world, amid these mortal cares and struggles, with and through as well as in spite of the natural man.

For, after all, our creeds, our politics, our social ambitions and distinctions, our very pursuit of the outward means of life, divide us; not even religion, in any recognized outward form or organization, can be said truly to unite men; yet the great inmost yearning of the devout soul is for unity, to be made one, consciously and freely, with the Life that is in God. Now in a republic, more than under any system, the free play which there is for every sort of competition, the "free fight" (to borrow a slang term) of individualities, the rush and scramble for distinction, and for wealth, the absence of the old paternal tenderness of governments providing for the children play things, beautiful amusements and surroundings, galleries of Art, parks, etc., makes it particularly indispensable to the whole social education that we promote in every way the culture of the Beautiful. It is not enough that we are taught right moral principles; we must form a

taste for what is good and true and beautiful; a man's tastes mould him by a more unintermittent, unseen, silent pressure than even the convictions of his mind or traditions from without, or conscience from within. Let the American people grow up with a sincere taste for harmony and beauty, taste for Art, for Music, in the highest sense; let them learn through Art the meaning of the word *genial*, and in this culture we shall have the silent, sure corrective of so much that is violent, obtrusive and uneasy, so much that is prosaic, hard, pretentious, egotistic, in our national character. Saintship is beautiful, heroism is beautiful; but they are exceptional also, they are sublime, and all cannot be sublime. But the sense of the beautiful in Art (and that is sure to quicken the sense of beauty in nature and in character), tends insensibly to round off the sharp corners of our offensive democratic individuality, to make us forget ourselves, to supply the unseemly lack of reverence which has been charged upon us, to fill us with the instinct of harmony, good order and good manners. Taste is conscience absorbed into the very nerve and fibre of one's life; with a sincere taste for what is beautiful, it is less easy to offend.

Our people, pre-occupied so long with the first cares of laying the foundations of their political and social fortune, were slow to recognize the need of æsthetic culture. Religion, politics and business—these were the only interests we dared to be in earnest about. But Art, the culture of the love of the Ideal, had to come in to keep these from becoming acrid and unendurable. Mere amusement, mere play without art or beauty, soon sinks to the bestial; we must believe in play, believe in amusement and in joy, as we do in the soul itself; we must believe in the senses if we would have the senses minister to the soul; and to believe thus we must have Art for a mediator; for Art shows us, sings us the Ideal in forms speaking to and through the senses. Art reconciles the spiritual with the material. Our people are becoming alive to this thought. There is, we verily believe, a great awakening among us to the need, the value, the divine influence of Art. A great activity in all the walks of Art is developing in this utilitarian people. Especially do we seem smitten of late with a love, or at any rate a strong desire, for that which is at once the most ideal and the most popular of the Arts, Music.

It would be presumptuous to call ourselves as yet a musical people, in the full sense, for instance, that the Germans are, or that the Italians were. But the vigor with which we seize upon all musical opportunities, both of enjoying and of learning, is fast becoming a great sign of the times with us; the activity goes on increasing in a compound ratio, that looms most formidably ahead. Certainly it is a social fact of great significance. Its value of course is in proportion to its earnestness, and we do not believe it is a mere passing fashion. There is a deep musical movement in this community, strongest and deepest just where there is the most of general culture and the most of faith and true humanity; strongest in New England, and in such centres of intellectual and moral life as Boston, and more or less all the great cities; but in the other cities we cannot help thinking that it is more an imported enthusiasm, while here it springs more sincerely from within, a deep-felt want of our whole social and religious nature.

Think of the oratorios, the operas, the concerts, in greater numbers and variety than ever, and of higher, purer quality, which our people of all classes have thronged to this winter, spending as if for a necessity and not a luxury when the question was of hearing a great artist or a great work of Beethoven, or Handel, or Mozart, or Mendelssohn! Think how classical the general appetite has grown (of course there is always at the same time a large audience for superficial medleys and all sorts of claptrap—there is everywhere, even in Leipzig and Vienna), how many symphonies we crave each season, how fond we are not only of "The Messiah" and the "Creation," (the two only oratorios known here fifty years ago, and which led the founders of our venerable Oratorio

society to couple in its titles two names so remotely related to each other as Handel and Haydn), but also of "Jephtha," "Samson," "Judith," "Maccabees," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Hymn of Praise,"—all such great works, and only such—for it would be hard now to revive much interest in such a work as Neukomm's "David;" think how steadily the mere sensational, "effect" music, tried here many times, as all new fashions are, has been losing ground in Boston programmes, while the true masters, those who wrought in all sincerity and not for to-day's applause, have held their own; think how the Chamber Concerts, where one hears music in its most abstract, pure form of Quartets, etc., for stringed instruments, or the piano-forte Sonatas of Beethoven and Schubert, and other classical works of Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin,—works of such rare genius and earnestness almost exclusively, to the avoidance of mere show-pieces and displays of wondrous feats of execution—have hardly found evenings enough in a week to give all the artists, each with a faithful clientele of admiring listeners, a chance. Think how many admirable pianists, skilled interpreters of all the best that has been written for their instrument, whether solo or in concert with others, have found encouragement to settle down here, both as public players and teachers! Think, too, what pianos we have manufactured here,—how the Chickering Grands are the theme of wonder at the Paris Exposition now,—and what church organs, how many of them and how large and perfect; of the superlatively great Organ, one of the world's three or four best and largest, that stands all the time with ever so much quiet back-ground of reserved force in our noble Music Hall; and think of the Hall itself, and of our many halls. Then finally think of the great music schools that have sprung up so rapidly among us,—two of them taking the ambitious name of Conservatory, and already boasting their three hundred and their five hundred pupils,—and of the eagerness there is among our young men and women, and even children, to learn all that they possibly can, within their means, of music theoretically and practically. It really seems as if all New England were fired with the idea of becoming *en masse* a musician. And so, naturally, at the same time music is becoming an immense branch of business, both in the way of trade and manufacture and profession. Verily there is machinery enough at work, and there is motive power enough behind it, to work out a great musical culture here. Blindly or wisely, a great musical movement is accumulating momentum at a formidable rate. The more important, then, that it should understand itself, that it should recognize true landmarks, and be kept in a sound and true direction.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club concerts on the 23d and 24th were very successful. Case Hall was filled on both nights with lovers of good music, and we can safely say, none were disappointed, for more really enjoyable concerts were never given in this city. We have not space to give the programmes, which comprised selections from Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Mozart, &c. The thorough sympathy of the Quintette Club, and the delicacy of their execution, renders their interpretation of classical music very nearly perfect. Miss Addie S. Ryan, who made her first appearance here in these concerts, proved herself an excellent artiste. She has a voice of rare compass and beauty, and seems to feel what she sings. She sang a number of charming English and German ballads in an admirable manner.—*West. Mus. World*.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The 167th regular concert of the old Musical Society (Oct. 12), with an orchestra of nearly fifty, had the following programme:

Overture—*Magie Flute*.....Mozart.  
Song for Soprano.....Reichardt.  
Funeral March—(Orchestra).....Chopin.  
Male Chorus with Solo Quartet, (new).....Abt.  
Overture—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.....Mendelssohn.  
Lorely—Scene for Soprano Solo, Chorus, etc., (Orchestra).....Mendelssohn.

We have just had seven nights of German Opera: *Faust* (of course,) *Martha*, *Fille du Regiment*, *Stradella*, *Der Freischütz*, &c.

**LECTURE ON THE PIANO-FORTE.**—Mr. B. J. Lang, the well known musical teacher, made his debut as a lecturer Saturday afternoon in Chickering's Hall. The lecture was delivered to the pupils of the New England Conservatory of Music, but there was quite a number of listeners outside of that now large circle. Mr. Lang's subject was, "The Piano." He gave its history from the earliest period, and traced its course and influence down to the present day. In relation to pianos, Mr. Lang quite disbelieves in the "Squares," and hopes they may be displaced by the "Uprights," the only kind, in his judgment, which should be tolerated. He thinks there are too many who attempt to learn to play the piano. None should do so who do not in some manner exhibit a talent for it. Mere practice, however long continued, will not make a player unless there is an original capacity behind it. When abroad Mr. Lang saw the best pianos of the world. Among the most exquisite was a Spanish; and the worst from Galway. He regards those made in Boston as unsurpassed in the world, and believes the perfection of piano construction has been about reached. A Boston piano, made by Boston mechanics, is good enough. Mr. Lang gave much good and practical advice as to learning and teaching the piano. He uttered some pretty severe things against some of the music of the day, and regarded miscellaneous concerts as crude and unsatisfactory. Entertainments in which a whole symphony is given he regards as something worth while to listen to. In this connection he commended the concerts of the Harvard Musical Association and Orchestral Union. The music of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, and kindred composers was eulogized, while the "hodge-podge" school was kicked and cuffed with hearty vehemence. Touching those ornamental articles of furniture known as piano stools, he said they were abominations and ought to be banished. The ordinary chair with a back to it, against which an occasional rest could be had, was worth a dozen stools. Some of the English peculiarities of playing the piano were adverted to, and their absurdities pointed out. The English have their way in the matter of piano playing just as they do in some other things, and stick to it whether good or bad. As to the "art" of playing, and the manner, he said he could not state it. It defied language to express. It was a thing to hear, not to describe. He thought ladies were naturally better players and teachers than men, as they have a power to easily acquire and impart. Mr. Lang spoke about three-fourths of an hour in an off-hand and rather pleasant manner. The merit of his lecture was in the practical suggestions he threw out, which were evolved from his own experience as a teacher. He promised at the start that he should be crude, and he was a little so, but the information imparted was more than an offset. Some of his anecdotes were a little musty and not always apropos, but he gave on the whole satisfaction to his hearers. For a first attempt it was fair. But it is no injustice to Mr. Lang to say that he plays better than he preaches.—*Post*.

**PHILADELPHIA.** Mr. Carl Sentz is giving Orchestral Matinees, in each of which a Symphony by Haydn or Mozart is the principal feature. Last week he gave Mozart's "Jupiter," which interests our Boston readers just now. A writer in the *Evening Bulletin* thus describes it for the Philadelphians.

The name of "Jupiter" has been given to this Symphony, probably, to indicate thereby its brilliant, majestic character. The first movement, Allegro vivace, common time, opens with a bold, defiant unisonous passage for all the instruments in two measures, which is followed by two measures taken by the string quartet, piano. Another four measures of slight variation from the preceding follows in the harmony of the dominant G. The following period, entering by a martial rhythm of the wind instruments, relieved by short rapid figures of the violins and violas intervening, is given a somewhat jovial expression. After a close on the second of the key, D, a new motive of soft, expressive character is introduced by the violins in the key of the dominant G, which is happily imitated by the basses, who, seemingly anxious to retain the beautiful first motive which has been so gracefully introduced by the violins, repeat it in the key of G. A vigorous incidental phrase, after a measure's pause for the whole orchestra, in C minor, soon passing, however, to the major, with intertwining of the first and second motives, leads to the end of the first part in the key of the dominant. The change from the dominant G to E flat is as simple as striking, passing through three notes only (g, f, b flat) in unison, and leads to new motives and frequent changes in harmony. Much wonder and admiration have been expressed in later times at the bold unisonous modulations occurring in Meyerbeer's works, and they have been regarded as

something new; but here, and in other places in this Symphony, we have them in the greatest simplicity and in most imposing grandeur. An eminent German critic, whom we cannot quote at any length, says: "But this outer beauty is not the all-essential; a genuine noble thought, a solid strength and manly dignity, a brilliant marching on, are, by their daring and freedom, the characteristic attributes of the eagle."

The Andante Cantabile in three-four time, E-major, maintains such a peculiar grace throughout, that the violins and violas should be muted. It is rich in situations of effect, particularly in the suddenly changing shading of piano and forte, which seem passionately to interrupt the even, quiet flow of the melody, but in reality only the more to elevate it. The three principal motives are interwoven in a masterly manner; the modulations and harmonies are exceedingly interesting and pleasing to cultivated ears, in fact, rich, exuberant and modern for all time.

The Minuetto Allegretto is the picture of a life-enjoying man, undisturbed by care or anxiety, cheerful, serene and joyous, yet not entirely free from longings, which seem to crop out in the Trio, which also is enriched by its beautiful harmonic concatenations. The Finale, Allegro Molto, in common time, contains the Fugue, which also is one of the distinguishing traits of this wonderful composition. Mozart stands in this noble work of art inimitable and unapproachable, for no other composer has ventured to introduce the Fugue form with such an elegant, free handling as pervades it throughout. It has been remarked of Beethoven, Spohr, Schumann, Gade, and others, that when they attempted to treat the Fugue in this free manner, they soon fell off from its support, as if they felt their strength insufficient to carry them through an elevation of thought and style from beginning to end of their work. But Mozart has left us another exemplar of this masterly command of never-failing resources of melody and harmony in the wonderful overture, *The Magic Flute*, a work which must sound as well a century hence as to-day.

The first four measures of the Allegro will bring to recollection the fact that this motive has already been used by Mozart in other works, in his Masses and in his Sonatas, only here it has arrived at its highest acceptance. A precise analysis, however, of this Fugato movement cannot be given here, for space fails us, and we should be seduced into paths wandering through tangled forests of combinations and beautiful melodic landscapes, o'er which we might linger longer than the patience of our readers might permit us. Let this suffice for the present, and although a Nägeli, from some hidden cause, may rant and abuse this grand work of Mozart, as "without style and full of platitudes and confusion," let us remember that he alone of all critics, of whatever time or clime, dared to bespatter with gall and bitterness a work which stands among its class as the mighty Jove among the gods of Mount Olympus. It is a *Jupiter Tonans*.

**NEW YORK.**—Mr. Theodore Thomas gave his first symphony soirée at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening week. The programme was exceedingly attractive, skillfully selected, and faithfully rendered. The opening piece, a "Suite in D," (overture, air, and gavotte,) by Bach, and performed for the first time here, is a charming piece of melody, pure and simple, and was handled with delicacy and grace. Cherubini's introduction to the third act of "Medea" is a composition worthy of the great Italian master, full of originality, deep and earnest, boldly conceived and vigorously marked out. It received full justice from the orchestra. The two movements (allegro and andante) from the unfinished "Symphony in B minor," are genuine specimens of the genius of Schubert, rich in melody, elaborate in modulation, and unmistakable in identity. The great feature of the evening, however, was the production of Beethoven's magnificent "Fifth Symphony," (so well known to the lovers of music,) which was grandly rendered. Never did Mr. Thomas's orchestra bend more earnestly to their work than in the interpretation of this sublime poem. It was clearly a labor of love, and, from beginning to end, the execution may unhesitatingly be pronounced faultless. It was a fitting culmination to such a programme, and Mr. Thomas deserves credit for placing the symphony at the close of the soirée, instead of at the beginning as formerly. Mme. Parepa-Rosa was the soloist. She appeared in two operatic selections, fully sustaining her well-earned reputation, and winning an unanimous encore in the aria from Mozart's "Figaro." The audience was thoroughly appreciative, and, though not as large as it should have been, yet, thanks to Mr. Thomas's indefatigable endeavors to cultivate a classical taste, was larger than it was wont to be in previous seasons. The whole affair was a decided success.—*Sund. Times*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

And is it true? (Mon Dieu! que je sois bête).  
"Grand Duchess." 30  
I wear on my heart. (J'ai sur mon cœur). " 30  
It is a legend old. (Legende du Verre.) " 30

These melodies from the "Grand Duchess" are altogether charming and easily sung. The first contains Wanda's pretty fear of her General Fritz, the second, the Compiets on the Love letters, and the third the very popular Legend of the Great Goblet, often encored.

Come then, join me, (Vieni con me.) Trio.  
"Leonora."

Varied and rich.

Angel Millie. Ballad. H. A. Tuckerman. 30  
Another fine ballad.

Sleeping, why art thou sleeping? Serenade?  
J. M. Deems. 40

It's a pity to be waked out of a sound sleep, even by a serenade; but if it must be, give us a nice song like the present.

Festival Service of the Prot. Epis. Church.  
Complete, 3.00  
The pieces are also published separately,  
Te Deum, \$1.75. Jubilate, 60. Thanks-giving chant, 40; and Gloria, 70.  
Recommended to choirs.

I am a merry maid. (Son giovine giuliva).  
"Leonora." 35  
Upon this heart. (Vieni al cor.) 60  
Well selected from Mercadante.

#### Instrumental.

Overture. Le Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein. 40  
Souvenirs de Wolfboro. Quadrille. Guder. 40  
Mill stream Mazurka. Wellman. 30  
Les Flots. (The billows.) Valse facile.

A. Disbeck. 40  
Here one may wait while on the billows, or listen to the musical stream, or "quadrille" by the lake, at pleasure.

Kittanning Mazurka. A. Schotte. 60  
Contains many passages of great beauty, and is the work of a talented blind composer.  
Nathalie and Amelie Waltzes. For Guitar.  
Haydn. 25

Easy, and nicely arranged.  
Damen Galop. (Ladies Galop). A. Parlow. 35  
A very sprightly piece, named in honor of the ladies.  
Young Dr. Balthazar. Polka Militaire.  
Engelbrecht. 30

This composer succeeds in infusing much elegance and taste into his pieces. Not difficult.  
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A very good resume of some of the brightest melodies of the opera.

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Fairy footsteps Waltz. " " "

Easy, and unusually attractive pieces for learners.  
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See the inside of these pieces for fifty cents worth of good music.  
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Well-known waltz, well arranged.  
Scales and Chords in all Major and Minor keys. 35  
Very convenient for teachers.

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